

Ralph Schomburg M. D.

F A S H I O N

A

P O E M.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS,

F A S H I O N

M E M O I R S

PRICE 10 SHILLINGS

F A S H I O N

P O E M.

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Let FASHION lead where Sense and Taste unite,  
Prudence to please, and Fancy to delight.  
When Taste and Sense are sacrificed to Show,  
Pure pearls for merest gewgaws you forego.  
Thus idle travellers a meteor prize  
Above the steady lustre of the skies.

ANON.

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B A T H.

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F A S H I O N.



THE rage of Fashion, and of Dress the glare,
The trivial spirit of the times declare.
Strange that an Age, which boasts superior light,
Each better ornament so oft should flight,
And Beauty sacrifice to labour'd Art;
Her noblest end forgot, to touch the heart!
Misjudging Art, be wise: redeem thy name:
Nature to aid be thy unvaried aim.
The tawdry, stiff, and flaunting to avoid,
Let chasten'd Fancy o'er the whole preside;
While Reason pure, in points of higher scope,
Disdains on human modes to rest her hope;

B

But

But inward turns her searching eye, to scan
 The Virtues that adorn immortal Man;
 And cherishes their image in the breast,
 By Heaven's diviner influence possess'd;
 That when the Fashion of this world is past,
 Felicity supreme may reign at last.

THE Grecian garb, 'tis own'd, became the days,
 When Grecian shapes and airs attracted praise,
 When ample folds each decent grace display'd;
 Nor the shock'd fight vile mixture had survey'd
 Of motley forms, in judgment's view despis'd;
 The taper waist, by shorten'd back disguis'd,
 The finest muslin, and the leathern boot,
 The high straight feather, and the low bent foot,
 The bloom of rosy youth, with wrinkled brow,
 The flowers of May, amid December's snow!

It melts my soul with pity, to behold
 The childish follies, that pursue the old,

E'en

E'en through the latest stage of weary life;
 Exhausted, worn, with never ceasing strife,
 To chase the phantom Pleasure to the goal,
 Where she no more can cheer the pensive soul,
 And nought but cold contempt the scene attends,
 That loudest calls for kind supporting friends.

SUCH friends be mine, While in the vale of years
 I labour, oft assail'd by secret fears
 Of sharper evils, than I now sustain,
 Of piercing grief, or lacerating pain;
 Their cure I will not seek from gay parade,
 Or courtly smiles, or earth-born hopes, that fade
 And disappear in endless night.—Ah no!
 Mere mock'ry then is all external show.
 From Friendship, and from Heaven, proceeds the balm
 Of power to soothe each pain, each grief to calm.
 They only can sustain the sinking heart,
 As only they true comfort can impart,
 And, pointing upward, teach the virtuous mind,
 To leave triumphant this vain world behind.

YET this vain world a while demands our stay;
 And Prudence must direct us on the way:
 Nor will it hinder ought our last reward,
 To pay her sober counsels due regard.
 Fashion and Drefs will doubtless claim a share
 Of just attention, and of mod'rate care,
 From all that harmless pleasure wish to give,
 Where great disposing Heaven has bid them live.

FORMS settled, courteous manners, clean attire,
 The laws of social intercourse require.
 The good and wise will free compliance show,
 As far as rectitude and truth can go.
 Of singularity th' eccentric ways
 May laughter move, will never merit praise.

WHATE'ER exceeds the line of sense and taste,
 In Drefs, or Fashion, runs to rankest waste.
 Their heedless vot'ries hurry to the verge
 Of deepest ruin, never to emerge.
 Or if the fearful precipice they 'scape,

They

They can but boast the talents of an Ape;
That hateful mimic of the human race,
Whose tricks are wretched copies that disgrace!

At best, like Children, glitter strikes their eye,
And for eternal novelty they sigh.

It matters not what baubles court in turn,
How light, fantastic; still for these they burn,
Impatient, fond! The ever changeful mode,
With restless feet finds out a different road.

The tame sequacious herd her steps pursue,
And to the Elegant, prefer the New.

They never think of that superior art,
Where simple grace enchants the feeling heart,
They never think what mighty things depend
On judgment, time, and place, to gain each end,
That Virtue, or Discretion recommend.

See ye yon gaudy train, that strut away,
Or rather swagger; while their arms they play,

Like

Like awkward rustics striding o'er the plain,
 Nor yet one hand, or feature can restrain
 From ceaseless motions, or from boldest airs,
 Like threat'ning Pugilists!—Mute wonder stares;
 Meek Modesty abash'd averts her sight;
 And only Coxcombs grin with coarse delight.

Now see them seated.—How they lounge and loll,
 In lazy negligence! Mark how they roll,
 Forward, now backward, now from side to side!
 Call they this dignity? That is denied.
 These strange contortions they would pass for ease,
 'Tis affectation all; it cannot please:
 Such postures pain may fit, or feeble age;
 Of giddy indolence they are the rage.
 If once the Sorcerers, Sloth, the foul enchain,
 Nor strength, nor youth, true spirit can maintain;
 Each finer feeling then is palsied o'er,
 And gaiety of heart shall charm no more.

LET Girls and Boys unform'd rush into life,
 And vehement join in emulation's strife,

Who

Who most among their fellows shall outshine,
 In spruceness, looking brisk, and dressing fine.
 Be it your aim, my darlings to excel
 In thinking justly, and in acting well.
 While triflers pant to deck the outward part,
 T'adorn the mind, be your more noble art.
 Coquets may glory in a broad display;
 The modest garb you'll never cast away.

I grant, that Show 'mong savages untaught,
 By nature prompted, eagerly is fought.
 But when by knowledge nature is refin'd
 It lifts, or ought to lift th' aspiring mind
 Far, far above the painted and the low:
 With Elegance Simplicity should grow.
 The inbred love of Drefs may still remain:
 But all its pride true judgment will restrain,
 Each meretricious ornament reject,
 And from the wearer turn with just neglect;
 Will scorn the rouge, the modes, of France to ape,
 And teach our Fair to keep their native shape,
 Their

Their native face to wear illum'd by sense,
And female modesty without pretence.

SEE ye that violet on her lowly bed ?
Mark how she meekly bends her modest head;
Abides unknown, and unambitious there;
Well pleased to leave each gayer flower its glare !
Thus fought concealment in the vale of life,
The flame-faced Virgin, and the home-bred Wife.
Those days are past; our fair ones hide no more;
The soft retiring graces now are o'er.
The Virgin and the Wife now roam about,
Shine at the Ball, and figure at the Rout.
Insipid now the calm domestic scene,
To linger there would only breed the spleen;
'Tis formal stuff to talk of joys serene.
And is it thence our Men their partners cull
To sooth when anxious, and to cheer when dull;
To guide their households, and their children rear,
In habits suited to some useful sphere;
To calm their rougher passions as they rise,
And view their virtues with approving eyes,

The

The brow of age to sooth, to soften pain,
And to the latest hour attached remain?

BUT, in the name of wonder, who are these
That rove about, their humours vain to please?
And captivate unwary female hearts?
A piebald breed!—They boast far higher arts,
Than flatt'ring, bowing, dressing, dancing well;
Yet leave their humble brethren to excel
In holy living, and in doctrine pure;
Content to fatten on a sinecure,
To shine amid the circles of the Ton,
And swell the bustle of each splendid throng;
To join the jest obscene of wealthy squire,
His hounds to follow, and his stud admire;
With half starv'd Curates bargains hard to drive,
Nor heed if e'er their pious labours thrive;
Forget that CHRIST, Chief Shepherd, shall appear,
But talk of many a hundred pounds a year.—
For shame, ye graceless idlers! hasten home,
Nor longer thus in guilty folly roam.

In pity to yourselves, attend your charge ;
 A charge how weighty, an account how large!
 Enlighten'd souls will scorn you, or will bless,
 As ye your function honour, or disgrace.
 Your sacred vows fulfil, your Master love;
 The past he'll pardon, Conscience will approve,
 And finners sav'd rejoice with you above.

BEAR witness, Heaven! He, only he is blest,
 Who living as becomes, lives self-possess'd;
 Lives to the honest feelings of the heart,
 While others stoop to petty tricks of art.
 An artificial life is quite the mode,
 To what the vain call praise the hackney'd road.
 Hard purchas'd praise!—A studied part to play,
 To wear a borrow'd face from day to day,
 Suppress each better impulse of the soul,
 And Reason's secret murmurs to controul.
 Ah me! what plaudits can such tasks reward,
 What gains repay the loss of self-regard?
 Those players off the stage may entertain;
 Themselves are doom'd to many a hidden pain.

For

For hollow praise they barter true renown;
 The smiles of conscious rectitude are flown,
 The fairest prospects blighted here below,
 And all beyond consign'd to hopeless woe.

LIST to the warning voice, ye young and gay!
 From sweet Simplicity, oh never stray:
 She wants no labour, studies no disguise;
 She courts no vulgar, dreads no prying eyes.
 Her aspect open, and her mien sedate,
 Proclaim her easy, and proclaim her great.
 Nor ease, nor greatness, can with those be found,
 Whom Fashion stiffens, or whom fears astound.
 To study Nature, and to follow Truth,
 Gives grace to age, and dignity to youth.

THRICE honour'd they, who feeling right at heart,
 Despise the paltry colourings of art!
 The worthless only wear a mask to hide;
 Though that oft-times ev'n they shall drop aside,

Unable long to bear the hard restraint,
Unwilling long to check wild passion's bent.

DAUGHTERS of Britain, take a friend's advice.

Be not in trifles scrupulously nice.

It fetters down the soul to cares minute,

And oft retards some more belov'd pursuit.

It sacrifices joys of noblest kind,

To fordid things, beneath a well taught mind,

That knows her mortal partner, sprung from earth,

Should ne'er make her forget her higher birth.

One rule, meanwhile, to heed oh do not fail:

O'er filthy modes let Cleanliness prevail.

What do I see?—That once attractive mouth,

Whose radiant smiles erst charm'd each wond'ring youth,

Is now, alas! by pungent dust disgrac'd,

Vile Snuff its loveliness has quite defac'd.

The roseate tints are vanish'd; brown succeeds,

Of deepest hue, and beauty captive leads,

Befmear'd, inflam'd, disarm'd of all her power.—

I scarce can recognise the wither'd flower!

TIME

TIME was when Nature, touch'd with conscious blame,
 Had not from Fashion learnt to laugh at shame ;
 When he, who was seduced to acts of sin,
 In secret fought their infamy to screen.
 Now grown more bold, at sight of wide spread vice,
 He mocks the rising blush, as over nice.
 Yet more; he deems them dastards that retain
 An honest fear of giving virtue pain,
 By flagrant violation of her laws,
 And facing down the lovers of her cause.
 "The Mode," he cries, "the mode will sanction all,
 "Whatever censures from a few may fall.
 "Let vulgar souls in fetters still be bound;
 "Free as the Ton let me be ever found.—"
 Unhappy man, you vaunt like braggart slave;
 Who follow Reason's call alone are brave.

A Rout! a Rout! How charming to behold,
 Met there in bright assemblage, young and old!
 How vast the group, amid a blaze of light
 That mocks the noon-day sun!—O lovely night,

That

That ushers in the grand transporting scene,
 And banishes awhile that odious spleen,
 Which thought engenders, and which leisure feeds!
 Mark how the mighty spectacle proceeds;
 What bowing, curtsying, gazing round and round,
 While mingled voices echoing resound;
 And news, and compliments, and scandal dear,
 Divert the fancy, and enchant the ear!
 Now parties form, and cards salute the eyes,
 Ah! what of equal value can we prize?
 How dull were life without the bliss of Play,
 And Drefs, and Routs, and turning night to day,
 And day to night, and croud succeeding croud;
 With calls and raps, so lively and so loud;
 And liv'ries rich, and chariots, and chairs,
 At which the passenger admiring stares!
 But tell me, pray; does friendship bear a part,
 Or sense, or meaning, in this modish art
 Of passing time? Did these but kindly blend
 The tiresome exhibition they would mend.

Its

Its everlasting run I must condemn—

But who the mighty torrent now can stem?

And yet those better minds, it draws along,

Perchance may listen to my simple song;

May recollect, that of a life so short,

But little should be spared to gay resort;

That Man was form'd to seek immortal joys;

How ill exchanged for nonsense and for toys!

BUT yonder comes a Visitor Profess'd,

An idly busy thing, that cannot rest!

Defend me from the tribe, officious, vain,

Who flying from themselves, would me constrain

To listen to their superficial tale,

Their foolish prattle, and their jest turn'd stale.

Let those that will such visitations boast:

In them I find much time and pleasure lost.

Yet conscience will not suffer me to say

"I'm not at home,"—with Truth I dare not play.

Though Fashion at such scruples loudly scoff,

And those her wiles have blinded join the laugh,

I heed

I heed not if in this I single stand;
 Enough, that I hold sacred Truth's command.
 Let others proudly count a hundred cards
 Left at their door, to shew polite regards :
 Give me the visit of sincere esteem ;
 The friendly heart alone, of worth I deem.

THE Pageant Etiquette, which fools admire,
 And courtiers patronise, excites my ire ;
 When deep entrenched in dullness safe it lies,
 And Worth and Talents haughtily defies.
 I leave the awe struck multitude to gaze,
 To bend and flatter.—Poor such vulgar praise !
 All, all is vulgar save the well born mind,
 That loves whate'er is noble, true, and kind.
 Yet empty forms, what time I must, I bear :
 For necessary ills I would prepare.
 But Etiquette, I own, me ne'er can please :
 Beneath its chilling influence I freeze.
 With Liberty to dwell, I haste away,
 To act with Reason, and with Fancy play,

Expand

Expand the soul by interchange of thought,
From rigid ceremonial live remote,
With nature charm'd, and by reflection taught,

FLEE from amusement, which mere Business grows,
Turns into drudgery, and kills repose;
But chief from that which virtuous care defies,
And to the idle offers quick supplies;
Which warps the native sense of wrong and right,
Of lawful property bids men think light,
To what was your's, from chance, or luck lays claim,
Or foulest fraud, without a spark of shame;
Wit, talents, knowledge, genius sets at nought,
As skill in Play alone were worth a thought,
Since fools and dunces may that skill attain,
Nor feel one passion, save the love of gain.
Haste, flee those scenes promiscuous, that blend
The high and low, the gamester and the friend.
With such a medley, never hope that he,
Who truth and goodness honours, can agree.

ALL fated Youth, you long shall rue the day,
 When you blindfold resign'd yourself to Play;
 No better genius to direct your road,
 In peaceful paths to honour's fair abode;
 No higher standard passion to controul,
 Or thought sublime to elevate the soul!
 Deep sullen gloom fits brooding on the face:
 No more frank mirth his honest front displays.
 The breast with thirst of gold, and envy stung,
 Pours oaths and curses from th' envenom'd tongue.
 Beneath warm friendship's mask a plot is laid,
 To win those fums a family that fed—
 Your friend, his wife, his children are undone!
 You smile—O Monster!—You those fums have won.
 Should chance against you turn, and bring despair,
 Existence then will seem not worth your care:
 And should the demon Suicide prevail—
 But half the horror words can never tell.

SUPPOSE such dire extremities are shunn'd,
 Of sweet Reflection you possess no fund.

From

From diligence the love of Play and Drefs
 Diverts each power to vacant idlenefs.
 All energy of mind is thence destroyed;
 Nor converse, fenfe, or ftudy is enjoy'd:
 The golden hours, ne'er to return, are loft,
 And life's beft purpofes for ever croft.
 On time improved, alacrity attends;
 From languor, induftry alone defends.
 By ftudy intellectual wealth is gain'd,
 By converse promptitude of thought attain'd,
 Apart from both, fay, what can youth acquire,
 Or how call forth to ufe its mental fire?
 Apart from both, the mind diffolves away,
 And appetite fecures an early fway.

Soul animating Converse, why fo rare?
 What charms, what pleafures, may with thine compare,
 When fenfe, and eafe, and confidence unite
 To yield at once the head and heart delight?
 Let dulnefs, floth, and ignorance forego,
 Without regret, the joys they cannot know.

Let higher spirits scorn to be confin'd
 From seeking to embrace a kindred mind ;
 Congenial, sympathetic, open, free,
 To feel and join that noblest harmony,
 Which tunes discordant passions, and aspires
 To emulate the blest Seraphic Choirs.
 An aim how graceful in immortal man,
 Though now tied down to life's contracted span !

Would you, dear youth, lay up a store of joy ?
 Your leisure hours in search of truth employ,
 Where e'er displayed in Inspiration's page,
 Or History's records down through ev'ry age,
 Or found Philosophy's sublimest schemes,
 Or pure Devotion, purged from monkish dreams.
 Or what the muse of Poetry refined
 Has taught, of men and things, the raptur'd mind.
 But in the name of Sense, with caution shun
 The floods of vapid Novels, that o'er run
 All bounds, like waves in quick successive chace,
 And froth except, leave on the soul no trace.
 By wisdom fortified, with knowledge fraught,
 You'll rise above vulgarity of thought,

With

With cultivated spirits mix your own,
By honourable actions gain renown;
Live independent on poor passing toys,
In conscious worth and piety rejoice,
Oppose the tyrant Fashion's senseless laws,
And fix'd adhere to Virtue's sacred cause.

WHAT though her cause loose Witlings, light and vain,
Presume to treat with insolent disdain?
What though they brand her with the hated names
Of cheat, impostor, who usurps the claims
Of Pleasure, born to universal rule?
Fashion of Pleasure is the slave and fool,
The sycophant that flatters where she may,
But meeting just contempt oft sculks away.

HER fame to save, she tries a thousand schemes.
Amid the rest, observe the wide extremes,
Devised perpetual wonderment to raise,
And of variety to win the praise.
The sly Enchantress, by her witching shapes
From who would seek to fix her still escapes.

Of

Of Fancy and Self-love this subtle child,
 Has by her potent charms the world beguil'd.
 Not even the rudest arts have been forborne
 To gain distinction, though they led to scorn.

WHILE most bestow their smiles alike on all,
 The good, the bad, the vulgar great and small,
 There are, who general Apathy affect,
 Who deem it spirit to withhold respect,
 However due—What noble non chalence!
 Behold those mighty men of consequence,
 Whose absent airs expose them to the throng,
 As center'd in themselves they stalk along,
 Nor deign to recollect the well known face,
 They oft have met in every modish place!
 For them it were too much to condescend
 To use the name acquaintance, yet more Friend.
 They judge aright; true friend they can have none,
 Poor isolated things, they stand alone;
 But yet to just derision doom'd in vain,
 Blind to themselves, they ever will remain.

Good

Good breeding both a head, and heart, requires;
 Good breeding sense, conjoin'd with worth, inspires.

WORTH unassuming, clad in plainest drefs
 Could warm regard, in ancient times, impress,
 When Villany in pompous robes array'd,
 Might pass unnotic'd mid the nets he spread,
 To catch applause.—Behold the sad reverse!
 Is humble Virtue seen? The crouds disperse,
 Or turn to gaze at Fortune's gorgeous train,
 How'er disgrac'd by scandal's deepest stain.
 The aged and grave, the matron and divine,
 To mark just indignation now decline.
 They smile instead—civility to show:
 'Tis what all powerful Fashion bids them do:
 The Man is rich—perhaps is titled too.
 So then, the cause you love you dread to own:
 By fear of men control'd, you dare not frown.
 The feelings of the soul you tamely hide,
 Left knaves calumniate, or fools deride.

Assert

Assert yourselves ; teach vice to stand in awe ;
 Let even your looks enforce each purer law ;
 With kindest words confirm ingenuous Youth ;
 But scorn the softness, that disguises truth.
 Shall impudence out-face fair Virtue's friends,
 And shall the wretch exult that her offends ?

In better days, when men their God confess'd,
 Nor were ashamed to own, what they possess'd,
 By nature or by art, to Him they ow'd,
 Since from his hand, both art and nature flow'd.
 His Blessing with their daily bread they sought :
 Their words, though few, with thankfulness were fraught.
 While corp'ral life deriv'd refreshment due,
 Th' immortal part to greater vigour grew ;
 Their minds were fill'd with peace, and joy divine,
 And inward strength low passions to refine.
 Not that external forms the Soul can feed :
 By breathing forth her wishes, they succeed
 At Heav'n's high throne, whence Grace on man descends,
 And from all real ill his state defends.

From

From woes imaginary Fashion flies;
 For goods unsatisfying still she sighs,
 Nor cares if from her board unblest'd she rise.

YE sacred powers of Innocence and Love,
 To guard mankind commission'd from above,
 Our Youth, yet undeprav'd, O save from wrong,
 Save them from rashly mixing with the throng,
 From giddy diffipation's madd'ning round;
 Where heart-felt pleasure never yet was found,
 Where female delicacy, soft reserve,
 And genuine affection, soon will swerve,
 Unwary, weak, from Virtue's stricter rules,
 Desert themselves, and dread the laugh of fools.

AND yet, methinks, in Flatt'ry lurks more harm:
 It lulls asleep the caution of alarm.
 If ought on earth our fears for Youth can raise,
 'Tis to mislead by unsuspected praise.
 Forbear, ye Gallants gay, with glazing tongue,
 To dupe, to blind, the beautiful and young.

Join not the arch deceiver in the breast,
 Nor swear they look so killing when they're dress'd,
 Or yet in deshabille!—Join not the glass,
 Their shape to flatter, their Angelic Face!
 Conspire not with the coaxing maid, that tries
 To steal their confidence by fifty lies.
 By chusing merit for your fav'rite theme,
 By manly manners, and well-plac'd esteem,
 By painting meekness, modesty, and truth,
 The brightest charms of beauty, and of youth,
 Convince the Fair, that those will win the heart,
 And keep it too, when these shall both depart;
 That victories, by youth and beauty gain'd,
 By sense and sweetness only are maintain'd.

OF modish Wheedlers much the worst are they,
 Whom years have taught more coolly to betray,
 With deeper art, and more seducing smiles.
 Be warn'd, ye Innocents, and shun their wiles;
 Be slow their boasted honour to believe;
 Nor let their specious compliments deceive.

Count

Count all your greatest foes, who flatter most,
What multitudes have listen'd, and been lost !

LET virtuous Youth oft seek the still retreats,
Where genuine Friendship holds her happy seats,
Where heart meets heart, and mind flows out to mind;
While judgment clear, and tenderness combin'd,
Esteem mature, and fix the mutual tie,
Improve the feeling soul of sympathy,
Lend strength to principle, to life fresh charms,
In sorrow comfort, courage 'midst alarms—
Friendship by mercy to the good was giv'n,
On Earth they taste the happiness of Heav'n.

HAIL, wedded Love ! young Virtue's surest friend ;
In spite of Fashion's sneer, her cause defend ;
Nor suffer smooth deceivers to abate
The home-felt pleasures of thy peaceful state,
Or damp the purest ardour of the breast,
By books or modes, discourse or mien, unchaste.—

Just Heav'n, what woes ensue to human kind,
 When not ev'n ties connubial can bind!
 Say, what avail high place, or public show,
 Or beds of down, or gems of richest glow,
 Or gilded equipage, or blazing star,
 Or costly luxuries, brought from afar—
 Say, what avail they all, if married pairs
 Instead of kindly soft'ning mutual cares,
 Are doom'd to jealousy, and mutual strife;
 If cordial hate blast all the sweets of life;
 If violated honour stain the race,
 And nought is left but splendor, and disgrace?

Or Filial Piety the deep decay
 What soul of worth can see, without dismay?
 Ah! whither now is fled the child-like fear
 Of giving pain to Parents good and dear;
 The reverential love so greatly due,
 Which to relieve their cares so fondly flew,

Their

Their kindness to reward, to sooth their age,
 By watchful tendernefs in that laft stage,
 And ardent zeal their blessing to engage ?
 How wide a contrast, do I now behold ;
 Now that conceited Youth despife the Old,
 Combine to counterwork their prudent schemes,
 With most unholy scorn to treat their names,
 Impute their wifeft counfels to the spleen,
 Forget Parental goodnefs 'midft a scene,
 Where Gratitude's still voice is feldom heard,
 Where thoughtlefs diffipation is preferr'd ;
 Of Senfibility the fatal bane,
 Of modifh life the everlafting ftain !

MOTHERS, I turn to you ; be juft and fay,
 Does your example always point the way
 Your precepts recommend ? Do love and truth
 Still join to gain the ear of giddy Youth ?
 Say, do ye ne'er th' important art neglect,
 To charm affection, and enforce refpect ?
 Or can ye loudly blame them, if they stray,
 Unwarn'd of fnares which ftronger minds betray ;

If

If in a foil luxuriant weeds should grow,
 When care is sacrific'd to idle show ;
 If ye, their Guides too, (sad to tell !) lead on
 To paths, in which the wand'ers are undone ?

Could ought my Satire on the Times difarm,
 Sweet Melody, it were thy sov'reign charm !
 From earliest days thy magic stands confes'd,
 Diffusing softness through the rugged breast,
 Transforming savage passions into love,
 And teaching "things inanimate to move."
 Imperious Fashion claims thee for her own,
 Now that to wild extravagance thou'rt grown !
 As best things, when perverted, turn to worst,
 Thy aims to please through soundest rules have burst,
 Engros'd the general mind, the hours absorb'd
 When duty press'd, each moral plan disturb'd,
 Lavish'd on foreign luxury the gold,
 Sacred to worth forlorn, the sick, the old,

Their

Their wonted labour past, the modest poor,
 With nameless objects of compassion more.
 To such let Wealth impart his largest store;
 Let Prudence practise strict domestic care;
 But still, when fit, indulge the tuneful ear;
 That drinks with transport each soul-touching sound,
 Where nature, truth, and pathos most abound;
 While those possess'd of thy enchanting art,
 Its powers apply, to harmonize the heart.

THE use of well-earn'd Wealth, I do not blame;
 I praise the well-directed love of Fame,
 The hand of curious Workmanship admire,
 Extol the Arts that breathe ethereal fire.
 Here may they thrive, beneath the sheltering wing
 Of Peace.—Sweet Peace, return, and with thee bring
 Whate'er can bless, or polish human kind,
 In social ties, contending nations bind;
 Till Truth, and Freedom spread around the world,
 And to th' abyss that fury, War, be hurl'd.

But

But from the thirst of riot, gold, and power,
 O rescue Britain, at this awful hour ;
 Nor let a venal crew their country sell
 To desp'rate counsels, or ambition fell.
 Of Trade and Commerce prosp'rous be the toils;
 But may they nobly scorn Oppression's spoils.
 Still let the Laws their majesty maintain,
 And gen'ral happiness proclaim their reign.

For what remains, to Heav'n lift up your eyes
 By pray'rs, and vows, " commercing with the skies."
 From thence descends fair Wisdom, gentle, pure,
 Meek, easy of access, yet form'd t' endure
 The ills of social, as of private life ;
 Partaking only in one pious strife,
 Who best shall carry on th' Eternal Plan,
 Who best promote the benefit of Man.

SINCE general custom's long establish'd rules
 Direct our Female Youth to Public Schools,
 O fend, kind Heav'n, wife Teachers through the land
 To mould the Female mind with skilful hand,

Its

Its rev'rence to insure, its love to win,
 By calm appeals to reason's voice within;
 Its various tempers, various aims delivery,
 And to its wand rings early checks apply,
 With firm demeanour, and impartial eye;
 Th' absurdities of Fashion to expose,
 That copious spring whence many a mischief flows;
 From false conceits the fancy to release,
 The judgment point to Virtue, and to Peace;
 Of Christian Piety the seeds to sow;
 The importance of Domestic Worth to show,
 And press this doctrine on the docile ear,
 In nature founded, and as noon-day clear,
 "Home was appointed Woman's dearest care:
 "Her best attractions shine most sweetly there."

To model thus the manners, thoughts, and heart,
 Let candor own, demands no common art,

F

Enforc'd

Enforc'd throughout and crown'd by Patterns fair
Of living excellence.—Alas ! how rare,
How very rare, such Teachers now to see,
Enlighten'd, and upright like BARBAULD, or like LEE !

T H E E N D.

